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OUR COTTAGE PARLOR.

MR. EDITOR: "With Moderate Means" is the title of an article upon house furnishing in THE DECORATOR, that interests a large class of readers. From the standpoint of a Newport cottage (or palace) I presume the list of furniture named would be considered not only prudent, but parsimonious. There is, however, a lower depth to which some of your readers have never descended. The wheel of fortune turns and they are all liable in this changing world to find themselves in a house with bare walls and floors in some frontier town, or distant military outpost, where upholsterers and house decorators are unknown. The "cheap sofa" for \$28 cannot be obtained, but a wooden frame can be made for one dollar. A cushion stuffed with moss and cotton batting makes a comfortable seat, and six yards of canton flannel, old gold color, bound with red braid, will cover the lounge and sofa pillow. This is no fancy sketch, but I look around my own room and give the recipe for a home, which young couples who have ventured upon matrimony without a long purse, may be glad to imitate. The felt carpet is of a yellow shade of olive. Fashion no longer requires the floor to be entirely covered, so five yards long and four yards wide answers for a large room, and a border of red gives a finish and character to it. The mirror was bought at a second-hand dealers for six dollars; it hangs between the windows, and a wooden bracket or shelf under it is covered with the old gold canton flannel, with red fringe around it. The wooden center table was bought at an old furniture shop for two dollars, the legs ebonized with black varnish, and the top covered with olive felt, cut round to fit the wood, and a fringe of gold and red tassels on the edge. The four-dollar lamp that stands upon it is a beauty and gives a superb light.

The small buffet on one side of the room, of black walnut, was made by a nephew, an amateur worker, and with the antique silver urn and tea set and silver porringer 200 years old, it is ornamental and convenient for the 8 o'clock tea that "cheers without inebriating" the evening visitors. The most expensive article in the room is a black walnut secretary costing twenty dollars; two upper shelves for books and ornaments, the writing desk, and four drawers below with brass handles, combine convenience and beauty in a practical manner.

A pine work-stand with clover-leaf top (cost 75 cents) is covered with old gold, with deep border of red canton flannel edged with antique lace.

Large chair, bought at auction for two dollars, is covered with red worsted cloth with gold thread woven in figure—one yard and a half at \$1.50 a yard.

Old sofa—well made—covered with the same, put on with brass nails. The white marble mantel-piece needs no lambrequin, and the Venus of Milo and Clytie find a fitting resting place upon it. The clock that stands between them cost \$2.50, and the small bust of Tasso and flower vase each side were the gifts of dear friends.

Two yards of Smyrna carpet with fringe at the ends makes a pretty rug at \$1 a yard, and

two other bright rugs at \$2 apiece. I forgot to mention that the wall paper of dull dark colors was brightened by a dado two feet wide of brilliant colors, and over the mantel-piece plain red velvet paper of the same width gives a background to the white ornaments.

The windows open on to a balcony, and the sunlight is tempered by bright yellow shades and curtains of linen scrim with antique lace edge, which, with walnut poles and rings for cornice, cost in all \$7.

Perhaps the room would be bare without the pictures—our treasures. The portrait of the gentleman of the old school, with ruffles at the wrist, is

60 years ago, hangs under my grandfather. A photograph of Guido's Madonna, with an engraving of Apollo and the nine muses dancing, and another of Aurora scattering flowers before the chariot of the Sun illumine one side of the room.

The afternoon sun brightens the "Blue Grotto of Capri," and the head of Rembrandt's daughter in a Venetian frame glows with sunny beauty. An India-ink drawing by a soldier in a military hospital recalls war times, while *Peace* appears bodily in the water-color picture of an old lady reading, and is the work of a dear friend now passed away. Other pictures treasured from association leave only space for one or two clusters of Japanese fans, in contrast with

the sombre engravings, while corner brackets hold a pot of graceful ferns and a vase of fresh flowers. Some boxes of rare plants on the balcony will give freshness and beauty to the windows in winter, and English ivy, now climbing over an alcove in the room, will drape the arch in green. I must not forget to mention an easel in the corner of the parlor that cost \$2.50. It holds a portfolio of European photographs, really choice treasures. The two largest, the Cathedrals of Milan and of Cologne, will soon be framed and placed upon the wall. Madame De Stael's definition of architecture as "frozen music," must have been given after seeing these wonderful works of art.

Arithmetic is not my strong point, but adding up the amount spent for the above list, the result is \$69.25. We will call it \$75. This brings not only new furniture, but the pleasure of creation.

It will open a new field for untried genius in household decoration and develop latent powers in the feminine mind whose results will give new meaning to *Sweet Home*.

MAUD MULLER.

MIRROR PAINTING.

A GREAT deal of tolerably bad mirror painting is to be seen in the shops where decorative objects are sold. It appears to be the work of amateurs mainly, and is rather striking, especially when the mirror is sunk in a broad frame covered with blue or crimson plush, for that method of framing transforms any bit of looking glass into a bright piece of decoration. The designs painted on the mirrors are usually floral, but the effect is not always pleasant, for where plate glass is employed its thickness separates the paint from the reflecting surface, and portions of the painting are then seen in reverse and in shadow about the edges of the design. An Australian artist named Fuller has, according to a note in a Melbourne paper, discovered a process whereby this drawback may be overcome. He paints his picture on paper, and by some means that he has not revealed, he separates the paper from the paint, leaving the picture sticking, not to the face of the mirror, but to the back. After the paint has set, the back of the glass is silvered, and the decoration is then seen in

a proper light, without rough edges and without any reflection of the shaded side of the coat of paint. The silvering of the back also protects the pigment from air and from the friction incident to use. Some handsome examples of this kind of work are said to have been exhibited.



MUSIC, A DECORATIVE PANEL, DESIGNED BY ADALBERT HYN AIS, PARIS.

by the artist Trumbull, and represents my grandfather speaking in the State Senate when De Witt Clinton was Governor of New York. Those beautiful children are not ideal heads, but portraits taken by Jerome Thompson 20 years ago.

Robert Livingston, in velvet court dress, taken